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*Friendship Land and
Other Poems*



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POEMS

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Ada Kyle Lynch and Eleanore Lawrence Hatch

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ADA KYLE LYNCH

AND

ELEANORE LAWRENCE HATCH

Into a world that is full of books
We send this little volume out
[To find its place as best it may]
With hopes and fears and many a doubt.



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FRIENDSHIP LAND

I hold that friendship's dear as love,
And sometimes dearer still,
For love exacts the utmost tithes
The human heart to still.

While friendship, with a cooler flame,
With gentle guiding hand,
Leads on through troublous paths
To the peaceful Friendship Land.

The Friendship Land of glorious heights,
Where only true hearts climb.
The road sometimes is rough and thorny,
But we reach the roses all in time.

Love is good when the world is bright,
And the warmth of the clasping hand;
But in all the future years for me
I crave the peace of the Friendship Land.

DREAMS: IF THEY'D ONLY COME TRUE

Dreams, dreams:
If they'd only come true!
The dreams that we dream at night;
But the first peep of day
Sends them flitting away,
All our dreams have taken their flight.

Dreams, dreams:
If they'd only come true!
The dreams that we dream by day;
But the duties of life,
Its struggle and strife,
Throttle dreams and fling them away!

Dreams, dreams:
If they'd only come true!
The dreams that we dream through life!
Will the dreamless sleep,
When we cease to weep,
End in dreams without struggle or strife?

CONFESSIONS

I bring my confessions all written in rhyme,
The things left undone, and those done in time.
The deeds left undone are many and great,
The little I've done is easy to state.
I've walked with the kings in the ages of night,
And made the endeavor to understand light.

But Winchell is abstract, and I proved so dull
That liquified sunlight is still in the hull;
From Chaucer, to Tennyson seemed but a leap,
I made the attempt and found it too steep.
With men, and manners, and Europe of long ago
I struggled most heartily, I'd like you to know.

My last, and my sweetest confession must be
That I leave you my love for your kindness to
me.

I came as a stranger, with trembling and fear;
Was received as a friend most welcome and dear.

* * *

The final roll is called, the books are closed as
well,
And eyes are dim with tears to say a last fare-
well.

HALLOWE'EN

Many Jack-o'-Lanterns
Dancing in the dark;
Many little boys and girls
Out upon a lark.

This is Hallowe'en—
Comes but once a year;
Couldn't come another time
"Punkins" are not here!

GIVING THANKS

Thanks for the light
Thanks for the night,
Thanks for the heat and cold;
Thanks for the earth,
Thanks for its food,
Thanks for its silver and gold.

Thanks for dear friends,
Friendship that lends
Lustre on life's darkest way;
Thanks for the years
That strengthen these ties,
And merge in eternal day.

TO I. B., ON LOSING HER SIGHT

If I could write one line as you have written,
One gracious word across the centuries send,
I'd be content with all life's failures
And fold my hands until the end.

If I could feel the throbbing, sweet emotion
Of having helped one soul upon its way,
I'd never mind the darkness of this life,
In looking for that brighter day.

If I could think one little word I've spoken
Had helped some weary traveler on,
Through burning heat or bitter weather,
To find a surer path to walk upon;
If I could know within my soul tonight
The rapture of these better things you've
known,
I'd fold my hands in sweet content,
And wait the blessed words "Well done."

CHRISTMAS: THE NIGHT OF ALL
NIGHTS

How dear to the heart is the time of old Santa,
Which December brings round once each year,
With its bells and its reindeer, its tree and its
stockings,
The sleigh and bright harness and gear.

Filled with goodies from toe to the very wide
tip-top,
Stockings bulge and almost overflow;
Bright eyes will soon spy them when peeping
day tells them
From sleepless warm bed they may go.

For where is the child, with happy heart thump-
ing,
Who sleeps on this night of the year?
Every eye, as its lids droop, sees Santa Claus
posing
On bed, or on pillow, or chair.

Down the stair, with heart beating, the brave
little toddler
Dares goblins and griffins so grim.
Santa Claus is his guardian, his guide, and his
pilot—
This night of all nights is for him!

THE LITTLE GIRL ACROSS THE WAY

Say, do you know the dear little girl across the
way?

The one with the golden hair,
Her name is Alice, and she sits all day
In a little old wooden chair.

Her eyes are as beautiful as the stars in the sky,
And her golden curls are a joy;
But she never can walk like you, and I,
And a crutch is her only toy.

But when you go by, she gives you a smile
As sweet as the morning light;
You keep it all day, and then for a while,
And carry it home at night.

And so, little Marjorie, you think you can spare
Some toys, a doll, a book, and a game,
For the dear little girl who lives over there,
And must always and ever be lame?

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

BY REQUEST

You ask for something bright, my friend,
Some lines of tender love and laughter;
Something all aglow, with words that end
With ringing chimes and echo sounding after.
You ask for something filled with glee—
Some joyous, merry lines, and flashing;
A tale of love, where all can see
The consummation bright and dashing.

And now, my friend, I'd like to grant
That boon so easily asked by you,
To prove my heart not adamant
To one whose friendship's been so true.
I've thought of all things bright and good—
The waving grass, the blossoming flowers
tender;
The purling streams, the leafy wood,
The sunshine's golden splendor.

But all of these availeth naught;
No happy tales can I remember,
My life has been with sadness fraught,
For I was born in bleak November.
And so I cannot sing of gladness—
The words and tears so mix together;
My ink becomes a well of madness,
My pen a gibbering maniac feather.

HUSH, DEAR, AND REST

LULLABY :

Droopy white eyelids cover bright eyes ;
Baby is going to Sleep Land, bye, bye ;
Taking his clatter and chatter and song
To brighten the halls of Dream Land, bye, bye.

Sheltering arms are 'round your dear head ;
Mother is singing a soft lullaby ;
Soon she will cuddle you in your soft bed,
And leave you to come back from Sleep Land,
bye, bye.

REFRAIN :

Hush, dear, and rest. Mother is here.
Baby is tired and sleepy.
Mother will hold you close in her arms,
Cover bright eyes with lids droopy.

THE HARVEST MOON

The harvest moon, so big and round,
Looks down from the autumn sky,
And says, "Enjoy me while you can ;
'Twill be winter by and by."

So I run through the leaves that lie so thick
Out under the trees on the lawn,
And they rattle and swish, as I scurry through
And cover the path when I'm gone.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

A NEW YEAR IS COMING TO TOWN

Jingling bells and blowing horns—
A New Year is coming to town,
With promise of flowers and birds and fruits
And grass on your frozen lawn!

Jingle the bells and blow the horns!
Hurry, and skate and slide!
Snow for the snowballs, and snow men and forts
Can be found on every side.

Jingling bells and blowing horns—
The snow and ice of today
Are yours for a time. Make the most of their
joy—
Old Winter will soon fly away!

Jingle the bells and blow the horns—
A New Year has come to town,
With ice on her fingers and sleet on her toes,
And snow for her cap and gown!

SCIENCE

Men of science know all things
And think they nearly run the earth
With hydros, carbons, sulphate, atoms—
They call the list with ghoulish mirth.

They are happy with their cosmos, nucleus,
They say what we must eat and drink.
They pierce our insides with X-rays;
Would like to tell us what to think.

I don't object to all this knowledge;
For science I don't care a feather,
But now, when it is thirty-six below,
Why don't they regulate the weather,

FAITH

The storms of life must come to all,
In youth or riper age.
Just keep your faith in God secure,
And life will be a sunny page,
With only here, and there a cloud
To make the sun seem dearer,
Until at last the golden dawn
Shall make our vision clearer.

PRETTY WHITE SNOWFLAKE

CHILD :

Pretty White Snowflake,
Fluttering down,
Where is your home
And who made your gown?

SNOWFLAKE :

Old Mother Winter
Made my white dress.
'Tis of dainty white ermine
And silvery lace.

You see, all we snowflakes
Live up in the sky,
And frolic and dance
As the seasons fly by.

And when in the Winter
We visit the earth,
Like you, we wear furs,
For comfort and warmth.

But in gowns of bright silver
You see us in June,
As we dance to the music
Of Summer's sweet tune.

CHILD :

Goodby, Pretty Snowflake,
In dainty white gown,
The earth seems brighter
Since you fluttered down.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

A PRAYER

I pray for strength, and loving kindness
To meet the ills of life;
For peace, and courage in my blindness
Through all the world of strife.

For courage, strength, and grace I pray
To bear the blessings sweet,
That come to me from day, to day,
To make life's years complete.

AUTUMN BEAUTIES

Gorgeous in brilliant yellow and red,
Autumn beauties are everywhere;
Flaming salvia, many-hued asters,
Chrysanthemums, lovely and rare.

Calm and serene in the riot of color,
Snowdrops, so pure and so white,
Soothe like the handclasp of one we love
In the hours of a restless night.

A TRIBUTE

Her weary feet have reached the eternal resting
place;
The little hands are folded by God's own special
grace;
Into the great hereafter the loving one has
traveled,
Leaving the mystery of life and death still un-
raveled.
The white vision of faith enraptured her soul,
And the "mansions prepared" was her heavenly
goal.

Just beyond the river she is waiting for us now,
With all the earthly troubles vanished from her
brow;
There's a hush o'er our lives, for the voice that
is still—
A loneliness, a void in our hearts, that nothing
can fill.
For seventy years, and more, she had of sweet-
ness and of pain;
Years of love and sorrow, years of patient toil
and gain.

Into the golden sunlight of God's eternal fold;
Into the dawn of a day, breaking with glories
untold;
Into the rest for the weary, after the noontide
heat;
Into the shade supernal, close by the Master's
feet,
Where the hills of morning shineth with a radi-
ance never seen,
Until we cross the mystic river that rolls so cold
between.

FALL DAYS

Green and red,
Brown and gold,
The leaves are turning o'erhead;
But the leaves that fall
And lie at our feet
Will soon be withered and dead.

O what sport,
O what fun
The wind is having these days;
For it's tug and pull,
And hold on tight,
As the wind in the tree top plays.

BEAUTIFUL STARS

Beautiful stars in heaven so bright,
Shedding forth their silvery light,
Can it be that I ever will soar,
Up to the beautiful stars I adore?

Twinkling and sparkling like diamonds of old,
None can the tale of their nature unfold.
The poet, philosopher, astronomer, and all will
agree
That we know naught of the stars but what we
can see.

The moon in her glory may rise in the east,
But when compared with the stars, she's far, far
the least;
The sun, in his majesty, may shine from above,
But ne'er can he shine like the stars that I love.

When evening comes and the day is done,
Then out come the beautiful stars, one by one.
So we, one by one, must soar upon high
To dwell beyond the beautiful stars in the sky.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

TO A FRIEND GOING SOUTH FOR THE
WINTER MONTHS

From the Land of the Snows
To the Land of the Flowers,
We birds of "pass-es" are going.

From the ice-bound lakes
And the frost-filled air,
To where balmy breezes are blowing.

From the flowers asleep
To the flowers in bloom,
To the land where the rivers are flowing.

From the Land of the Snows
To the Land of the Flowers,
We birds of passage are going!

THE LITTLE TOP LADY

The little Top Lady has on a gay dress;
If you ask her to spin she will kindly say "Yes."
Then you wind up the string
Round her slim little throat,
Give a pull and a fling,
And away she will float!

Like a cloud in the sky, like a bird in the air,
Like a flower that walks, so dainty and fair,
Never seeming to weary,
She spins with a zest,
Till her little feet tire
And she lies down to rest.

THE DIFFERENCE

They sailed away in a golden boat,
The oars just softly falling,
Till they passed the sweep where the willows
bend,
And the curlews faintly calling.

Life was sweet on that summer eve
To the maid in the boat reclining,
Who looked at the stars with shining eyes,
While the prince's talk divining.

He talked of love and happier times,
And the maiden's heart surrendered;
He told again the old, new story,
And the stars looked down and wondered.

Years rolled by and the maiden waited
With the faith of woman's love;
The stream still flows where the curlews call,
And the willows bend above.

He came no more. The stars still shine,
And their lives are far apart.
Only a moonlight sail for him,
But alas! for her a saddened heart.

TO MY SISTER IN THE OLD WORLD

Yes, dear, the years are passing on
 Since we were girls together,
And laughed and sang and joyed ourselves
 Upon the fragrant, blossoming heather.
Since then you've wandered far away;
 You've roamed through many lands;
You've crossed the ocean o'er and o'er,
 And trod the burning desert sands.

While I—alas, my dear!—I've only been
 A patient toiler here at home.
But oh! how oft my heart has longed
 In distant lands with you to roam.
The skies are just as blue, dear one;
 The autumn tints as bright,
As in those old, old gladsome days
 When we together found delight.

But still a sadness o'er me comes,
 That life must pass so soon.
The morning shone through misty haze
 For us, then brightened into noon.
And you were then so far away
 From all that we had loved or known,
I listed sadly to the memory bells,
 The echo bringing back, "alone, alone!"

And so the years are passing, dear;
 The days are swiftly chasing one another.
You have your castle, gems and gold—
 I have the blessed name of mother!

THE NEW YEAR

The New Year, the New Year, the Happy New
Year,

What shall it bring to us all?
Another cycle of seasons four—
Spring, Summer, Winter and Fall.

Earth takes her rest time, in Winter's embrace,
Winter's white blankets enfold;
In sullen disfavor the sun looks down,
Refusing to shatter the cold.

Spring, with her smile and her happy, bright face,
Will cheer him and soothe him once more;
The cycles have proved it in ages gone—
Will this year not be as of yore?

Summer's gay laughter, her shimmering green,
Flowers in numbers untold;
Sweet birds in bright plumage, with joyous song,
Will the beauties of life unfold.

Sated with beauty and laughter and song,
The heart seeks a surcease from joy;
Autumn, sedate, alluring and proud,
Makes Summer a flung away toy.

Oh, years, as you pass us, touch each one with
love,
Sorrow and grief fling aside.
The love that o'ercometh and conquers the world,
Let it descend and abide.

GLIDING DOWN THE STREAM OF TIME

Gliding down the stream of time,
Safely through the happy hours,
Past banks and meads of fragrant flowers,
We fill the time with song and rhyme—
Gliding down the stream of time.

Over all the birds are singing,
As we gently float along,
Keeping time to oars with song.
We hear the bells' sweet distant chime—
Gliding down the stream of time.

Gliding swiftly, swiftly down,
Past the forest and the vale;
Past the lofty hills and lonely dale;
Over all hangs glorious sunshine—
Gliding down the stream of time.

Float we onward, never ceasing,
Onward still we two together,
Through the bright, and stormy weather,
With your hand close clasped in mine—
Gliding down the stream of time.

Till the end is almost reached.
We catch a glimpse of heavenly shore,
Where rainbow skies are bending o'er;
We leave earth's cares and earthly clime—
Gliding down the stream of time.

IN GAY CATERPILLAR TOWN

O, you funny, fuzzy thing!
Now, there can't be any doubt,
Every gayly colored ring
Circling 'round and 'round about
Is the color scheme for Spring
Your Dame Fashion bids you flaunt.

Don't you ever say, "Oh, no,
That's a color I can't wear!
Madame Fashion, nay, not so,
For your followers have a care.
We are loyal, that you know.
Heed our protest, ah, beware!"

Nay 'tis useless to rebel.
Don the gayly colored gown;
Let it weave its 'chanting spell,
Undulating up and down;
Many will its beauty tell
In gay Caterpillar Town.

REFRAIN:

In gay Caterpillar Town,
Joyous Caterpillar Town.
Many feel its 'chanting spell
In gay Caterpillar Town.

AFTER THIS

When we've passed through the shadows
That gather around us here;
When we've climbed the Mount of Sorrows
And welcomed the glad tomorrows,
The sunset of life is clear.

When the light divine above us
Shall scatter the clouds away,
In the glory of life eternal
We'll gaze on the hills supernal,
And the dawn of an endless day.

We'll list to the music of angels,
And rest in the eventide;
We'll wander by clear, purling streams,
And realize, then, our beautiful dreams,
In heavenly mansions abide.

In the glory of happy fruition,
When Faith merges into Bliss;
When the gate swings open to meet us,
And loved ones with rapture will greet us,
Heaven will be gained—after this.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

DAWN

The waning moon, like a bright gold wire,
Hung curved in the clear, blue sky;
The morning star, like a bit of fire,
Poised in air, stood lovingly by.

King and queen of the night, and its cerulean
space,
Subjects dotted the heavenly dome;
But their reign is brief, for the great round sun
Is climbing the clouds to their throne.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

I wish for you the choicest gifts
Beneath the radiant sky;
Not those of gold, and earthly dross,
Nor gleaming things for which we cry.

But loving words, and kindly friends,
And blossoms all along the way;
And cheerful hearts, and helping hands,
With love for every natal day.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

HE WAITS FOR ME

I know not where his clear, strong gaze
Is waiting to greet mine eye;
I only know the world holds one
Who'll soothe my grieved heart's sigh.

It may be in the busy mart,
Perhaps in quiet dell,
But when we meet we'll never part,
Our hearts will say, "'Tis well."

'Twill be the wine of life he'll bring,
We'll taste and live anew;
The world holds nothing else for us
But love—for me—for you.

L'ENVOI

'Mid rush and din I found my love—
One look, I knew my lord!
Now, lip to lip and heart to heart,
In one sweet maze the days fly by.

Life's all too short to quaff the draught
From the cup that's ever full.
Come life, come death, we'll never part,
But taste, and live, and love.

ALONE

Oh! happy time, alone with solitude.
Outside the night is gloom and gray,
And we're alone, my heart and I,
To live again the wonders of today.

The kind words said, the smiles bestowed
By loving friends and strangers met;
The quiet hour, when evening brings
The rosy flush of clear sunset.

The shades are drawn, the world shut out;
We hear afar the breakers roar;
But all secure, my heart and I,
We wait in peace beside the shore.

The peace that brings a calm delight
That makes of home a resting place
That we alone, my heart and I,
Will cherish with a deeper grace.

Oh, happy, happy time of solitude,
To dream again the dreams gone by;
With all the world of woe shut out,
And we alone, my heart and I.

PUSSY WILLOW

Soft and smooth to the cheek is the touch
Of the gentle pussy willow;
Garbed in soft gray-green,
With a faint hint of yellow.

No hidden claws in dainty soft fur
Of the spring-time pussy willow;
You may hug him quite tight—
This funny, soft fellow.

Teeth that are white and cruel and sharp,
None has this little pussy willow.
Piled high in soft mounds,
Lo! 'tis a lullaby pillow.

UNITY

When the morning shall dawn,
Take courage, my brothers,
For you will be there,
And I, and all others.

God's word is secure,
His love never faileth ;
All wrongs will be righted—
His goodness prevaieth.

The days may be dark,
And sin *seem* to reign,
But seemeth it only—
His word's not in vain.

In the brightness of morning
He bids us not fear ;
In the glorious noontide
His presence is here.

In the last great day,
When trumpets shall sound,
Not one shall be missing—
All, all will be found.

PREPAREDNESS AND WAR

PREPAREDNESS

Pour on each *First Wrong* your *Vials of Wrath!*
That's Preparedness, Conqueror of Hell.

WAR

War! 'Tis an outcast, a leperous thing.
Breathe not its name in your land,
For it will scathe, and brand, and burn,
Those whom you hold most dear.

War! 'Tis a foul thing in fair disguise;
Honor and faith it intrigues;
Nor does it disdain High God to invoke,
Prayer and praise call to aid.

War! 'Tis a vile and cowardly thing!
Seared is the life that takes life.
Gore, gaunt-faced rapine, hunger and death,
Entrain when War's troopers ride.

PREPAREDNESS

War! Make its name a word of scorn!
Virile and strong raise your hosts.
Pour on each *First Wrong* your *Vials of Wrath!*
That's Preparedness, Conqueror of Hell.

APRIL DAY

Brightly the noonday sun is shining,
Softly the gentle wind is sighing,
And before there passes many hours
We shall see the grass and flowers
Growing beneath our very feet,
With stem and leaf and petal all complete.

How beautiful everything in Nature!
Every flower and every living creature
Seems to smile when April day
Chases rough old March away.
E'en the birds go flitting by
Like the sparkle of a love-lit eye.

BABY AND DOVE: A WISH

"Coo, coo," says the dove.
"Coo," says Baby, too.
I wonder if the birdie knows
What Baby says to you?

"Coo, coo," do they say;
"Thanks for the morning light.
We know that Baby only coos
And crows in pure delight.

Out of the Somewhere into the Here;
Out of the Sometime into the Now;
Baby and bird come into our lives—
We question not when nor how.

Through no act of ours, this only we pray,
May the cadence of joy and delight
Be absent from child-song or bird on its way
From the morning of life till its night.

EASTER

Easter brings both joy and sadness:
Joy to earth for the risen King;
Sad are the hearts that weep today
Over white lilies, the herald of Spring.

April showers are bringing down
Refreshing rain for all the earth.
Behold! Rejoice! The King is here!
All glory for the Saviour's birth!

He is risen! Chant the echoes
From the earth to heaven above.
Everything in Nature calling:
Christ is risen! God is love!

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

My father made me a Jack-o'-Lantern
Of a punkin so big and yellow!
Father says some people call them pumpkins,
But he's always sorry for that poor fellow,
'Cause he doesn't get half o' the fun out o' life.

Father put the punkin up on the table;
Its stem was just right for a handle;
Then he took a sharp knife, and cut 'round and
'round it,
An' then, pretty soon, he could lift it right up,
Just like mother can lift the lid from the kettle.

Then he took all the seeds from out o' the middle
An' spread 'em all out on a paper to dry,
'Cause next summer he'd like to make garden
an' plant 'em,
So we'll have Jack-o'-Lanterns and pie—
'Cause he doesn't think life worth living without.

Then he turned the punkin right on its side;
It wobbled, an' I was afraid it would fall!
An' then Father cut with the knife, first a nose.
You wouldn't think first 'twas a nose, at all,
'Cause the noses on faces grow out and not in!

An' the eyes were like V's, not round like our
eyes,
An' the mouth was like saw teeth, and if they'd
been real teeth
Red Riding Hood's wolf would have used them,
I know,
For the mouth was so big any girl would be
frightened—
Not boys big as I am, of course!

Then Mother brought out the new candles she'd
bought
For "this very important occasion," she said;
For people in this age use gas an' 'lectric'ty,
Not candles and dips, as in Grandfather's day.
I think that is why they went "early to bed."

Then they measured and found it was much too
tall,
So they cut it in two in the middle;
Then they struck a match and lighted the wick,
And held it right over the punkin,
To let the hot drops of tallow fall thick.

When a nice little bed of soft tallow was there
They put in the candle and held it real still.
For quite a few minutes, and then it could stand
Alone by itself, right up in the lantern,
With its flames dancing 'round like the arms of
a mill.

Then they put on the lid an' Father said, "Look!"
An' I looked—and I jumped right to Mother,
For it looked so strange, with the light dancing
through,
An' the eyes, an' the nose, an' the mouth looked
so big,
It didn't seem just a big punkin at all!

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

MAY 30, 1895

Under the cold, gray sky they sleep;
The great and the glorious dead.
The icy breath of the Northern lake
Sweeps over the Southern head.
In the dying soldier's dream
Were skies, soft, fair, and warm;
Magnolia's bloom should o'er him wave,
And Southern flowers shield his form.

The clouds of war arose in wrath
Over a land so fair to see.
The Southern sky smiled on the same,
Blossomed the beautiful flower and tree.
The gallant men arose in their might—
Went forth at their leader's call.
Our fathers and brothers we loved so well—
We gave them when asked for; gave them all.

Forth from their stricken homes they went
To the march, and the camp, and the soldier's
life;
Exchanged the music of home and love
For the clamor of drum and fife.
In their own bright land they fought
Till the stars refused to shine,
And the South was one great battlefield;
The love of home the hero's shrine.

The fate of war is stern and hard
Alike to right and wrong;
Today the North, and South will blend
In one triumphal, glorious song.
We triumph that all strife is over,
And only love between us reigns,
And flowers are heaped upon the graves
Of those who died in Northern chains.

AN AUTUMN LEAF

I hold in my hand an autumn leaf—
Its colors are gold and red;
It has fallen down from the tree in the yard
To find its first Winter bed.

In the Spring it was green (how strange that
seems),
And pushed its way out from the tree
Full of life and of joy, so happy and strong,
So glad to be useful and free.

For the birds will soon come and build their
nests,
And the sun will send down its fierce glare,
So the leaves must grow fast and be ready to
shade
The birds, and their nestlings there.

Now the birds have all gone to their home in the
South,
And the bright sun has lost its fierce glow,
So the leaf fluttered down, to find a soft bed
With the grasses, down under the snow.

FORTY YEARS

Forty years of joy and sorrow ;
Forty years of hope and pain ;
Years of love received and given ;
Years of happiness and loving gain.
Have the years been long or short
Since I started on the way ?
A blue-eyed babe with golden hair,
'Neath Southern sun's bright ray.

Youth and childhood passed too soon,
Only, like forgotten dreams, they come
Back to me, those tender memories
Of my childhood's happy home.
Of the friends that fondly loved me ;
Of happy, happy days forever past ;
Of blossoming trees and singing birds,
And skies that were never overcast.

But the years since then are longer—
Lengthened out by life's golden chain
Until sweet hope spread her pinions
And flew away, with all the pain.
But the clouds are purple o'er us ;
If the sun shines where we cannot see
We know the youthful hills of promise
Are left with childish dreams beyond the sea.

LITTLE UMBRELLA GIRL

I'm wishing for a storm,
I'm looking for a cloud,
I'm listening for the thunder
To make a noise out loud.

The sun is shining brightly,
The sky is blue and clear;
I hear no distant thunder,
No lightning seems near.

No raindrops pitter patter,
No puddles in the street;
I cannot see a bit of mud
On either of my feet.

I'm surely 'fraid the corn
And all the crops will spoil.
The cabbage and tomatoes, too,
And there'll be none to boil.

My mamma bought me all these things
To 'tect me from the rain.
I had them all day yesterday—
Will it ever storm again?

THE SHIP THAT SAILED THE SEA

'Twas a tiny craft,
'Twas a tiny mate,
'Twas a tiny captain brave;
'Twas a wintry day,
And the snow lay thick
On mountain and on wave.

Full many a sailor,
Brave and bold,
On a wintry day like this,
Has gone to his grave
'Neath the rolling wave,
Without either prayer or kiss.

But our tiny mate,
And our captain bold,
Cared neither for ice nor for snow;
His heart was calm,
His pulse was strong,
And never a fear did he know.

What matter to him
That the storm made such din?
Thickened walls, with their sheltering strength,
Made a dome for his head
And a place for his feet,
And a warmth through breadth and length.

A serf 'neath his feet
Gave feed to the flame,
And watched that it never grew old;
And through coil upon coil,
And long length of pipe,
Sent up heat to master the cold.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

Here and there, wall and dome
Were pierced for the light,
But the wind, and the snow, and the gale
Were kept "outside the pale"
By the kindly glass—
By the glass that was fastened in tight.

So the captain bold,
And his tiny mate,
Sailed their boat on the bathtub sea;
And mother was there
To save from the wave
Her son and her little girl wee.

A FRAGMENT

We are wandering afar from our homes today,
But in joy we are gathering here,
With the sunlight of love shining brightly around
On the friends and the classmates so dear.
We come from the north, we come from the
south,
We gather from east and from west;
Our hearts are aglow with the battle of life,
And the rush and the crush for the best.

* * *

Then lift high the banner, swing into the breeze,
The glory of old gold is ours;
The legions that follow shall tell of our fate
In the years when they measure our powers.

I THOUGHT OF YOU

I thought of you last eve,
I dreamed of you last night,
I fancied in the busy morn
I saw your eyes so bright
When the noonday's burning glare
Beamed on me from above,
I thought of you with beating heart,
And almost dreamed of love.

* * *

When night's deep shadows again
Shall veil this beautiful earth,
I'll soar on the wings of hope
To the land of love's sweet birth.
I remember that beautiful smile;
Those lovely, downcast eyes,
And the brown curls touching the cheeks
That blushed in sweet surprise.

* * *

When I reached for the little hand
That trembled so in my own,
I had almost asked you then
To be mine, and mine alone.
A glance at your face restrained me
From placing a jewel so rare
With nothing but love to shield it
From a world of sorrow and care.

* * *

In a moment I saw the teardrops
Glisten in those orbs of blue,
And thought they were jewels of love
From a heart tender and true.
I've been thinking all day of those tears,
And the smile that bade them depart;
I am coming tonight, my darling,
To plead for your hand and your heart.

THE CAMERA MAN

Georgia and Burritt and Margaret
Went out in the yard one day;
Their mammas didn't dress them up,
For they wanted to have a good play.

The girls made a playhouse and kitchen,
And Burritt a cannon and ball;
He said if the soldiers and Indians came
He was going to shoot them all.

The girls made mud pies and cookies,
And Burritt a fort and a gun;
He said to the girls, "When you hear me shoot
You drop all your cookies and run."

The children's mothers were busy
And didn't dream danger was here,
But a great big man with a tripod
And a camera drew near.

He called the children all to him
And stood them 'gainst the porch;
Then took his place and gave one "shot,"
But not a cheek did he scorch.

And when, with delight, in a few days,
He brought this picture to show us,
Each mother exclaimed, as all mothers will,
"O, just look! They have on their old clothes!"

They didn't see Margaret, so cunning and shy;
Bright-faced Georgia, and Burritt so grave;
If some of my pictures I must give up,
This picture I surely must save.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS ARE FALLING

When twilight dew's are falling
On leaves and blossoms sweet,
I stoop and gather treasures
That are blooming at my feet.

Treasures fair of blue and gold,
Forget-me-nots of palest blue,
Are scattered thick, with here and there,
The dandelion's golden hue.

The dearest treasure of them all,
The purple violet's lovely face,
Is looking upward through the grass
With starlike peep, and perfect grace.

When twilight dew's are falling,
And the sun sinks low in the west,
I pause in the shadow of evening,
Like the flowers, to find my rest.

LITTLE MAIDS FROM APPLE BLOSSOM
LAND

O, we are little maids from Apple Blossom Land,
The beautiful home of the flowers.

 Joy and fragrance we bring,
 And of beauty we sing,
As we dance through the long summer hours.

O, we are little maids from Apple Blossom Land,
Our gowns are of pink and of white.

 Through the sweet-scented air,
 This May day so fair,
We're fairies afloat in the light.

O, we are little maids from Apple Blossom Land,
See us dance in this old apple tree.

 Through the green, glossy leaves,
 Peeping at you like elves—
We're happy, we're joyous, we're free!

O, we are little maids from Apple Blossom Land,
Soon the Wind, on his way to the sea,

 Will shake every bough,
 And leave us like snow
In soft heaps down under the tree.

O, we are little maids from Apple Blossom Land,
Where the sky is so clear and so blue.

 Like our petals so sweet,
 Falling down at your feet,
We whisper of love that is true!

CALIFORNIA

When first I saw thee, golden land,
 Bathed in the sunset's glory,
I paused to think of Cashmere vales
 And wondrous isles of ancient story.
The beauty, and the blueness of the skies
 Was like a turquoise gem, upheld
Over a magic land, where genii
 Waved the fairy wand of eld.

The purple mountains, lifting high
 Above the clouds their lofty crowns;
And, far below, the valleys shone
 With twinkling lights of scattered towns;
The gentle ocean's lapping waves
 That touch with love thy shore
Has brought to you from far-off lands
 The echoes that shall live forevermore.

We trod the paths that lead us where
 The dear old monks first paved the way,
As in and out, 'mid orange groves
 And violet fields we loved to stray.
San Gabriel's valley lies below
 Mount Wilson's glorious crest,
A carpet many-hued with flowers
 To make one dream of peaceful rest.

The beauty and the grace of Nature
 There is poured with lavish hand;
Where lilies bloom, and acacias wave
 Eternally in this golden, sunlit land.
The grace of all the time that's been,
 And all the beauty that's to be,
Are blended in the fragrant breeze
 That blows o'er tropic lands to thee.

THE LITTLE CUP

Oh, dainty cup of pink and gold,
That came so far to me;
That's handed down from ages past
From o'er the glittering, sunlit sea,

You bring to me the spicy scents
From far-off Java's isle;
There clings to you, the fragrance yet
Of loving tears and tearful smile.

Oh, dainty, dear, and loving cup,
That came so far to me,
With memories sweet of vanished years,
Like whispering music o'er the lea.

Oh, dainty, priceless little cup,
Did knights and ladies bend to thee?
Did kings, and princes touch the brim
That came so far to me?

LEARNING TO COUNT

My auntie, Mary Ethel,
Has gone up-a-stair;
Left her pretty hat and coat
Lying on a chair.

Harriet knows she mustn't touch,
'Cause her hands might soil,
But O, just to try them on—
Surely that won't spoil!

Such a tiny little girl,
Such a great big hat!
Wonder if my hands are strong
And can lift all that?

How I wonder if it hides
All my pretty curls?
Auntie says I'm one
Of the sweetest girls!

Then she takes me in her arms,
Hugs me close and tight
Gives me kisses—one, two, three—
How can I count right?

Why, the other night when Dick
Started to go home,
I just think they quite forgot
I was in the room,

For he took her in his arms,
Hugged her close and tight;
Gave her kisses—one, two, three—
Auntie can count right.

For she counted, "One, two, three;
You said only one!"
But she smiled up in his face.
Oh, but it was fun!

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

When I counted, "One, two, three,"
They both turned so quick,
For they both forgot about me.
Auntie said to Dick:

"Let us tell her 'bout it, Dick."
Then they hugged me close and tight.
Told me to say "Uncle Dick."
Uncles can count right.

THE PROMISED HEIGHTS

Will I ever reach the promised heights
That are so near and yet so far?
Must my life be ever in the valley,
Ever reaching for a vanished star?
'Tis true the lilies bloom down here,
And droop their lovely heads,
And fragrant ferns are all around,
With tender mosses for their beds.

But how I long to gather
The goldenrod that blooms up there,
And honeysuckles, all the way,
Are trailing up the mountain stair
And calling me with voices sweet.
I hear the call and long to go
Up those winding, flower-strewn tracks
Beside the rills that gently ebb and flow.

But when I look above me
The clouds are just as deep,
The hilltops just as distant,
The pathway just as steep;
Yet I know the flowers are up there,
For I catch the petals as they fall;
And I know sweet bells are ringing,
For I hear the music of their call.

THE LAND OF SUMMER TIME.

In the Land of Summer Time,
Where the skies are always blue,
And clouds of golden-tinted hue;
Where the winds blow gently ever,
And storm clouds gather never,
In the Land of Summer Time.

In the Land of Summer Time,
There are zephyrs gently blowing,
Rippling streams forever flowing;
On their banks sit the immortals
Who have passed the heavenly portals
Into the Land of Summer Time.

In the Land of Summer Time,
Where the feet are never weary,
And the heart is always cheery;
The mock bird comes in the morning,
And joyfully sings through the dawning,
In the Land of Summer Time.

In the Land of Summer Time,
Where flowers immortal appear
In fadeless beauty from year to year,
And never grow old, or fade, or die,
For time isn't reckoned there as here,
In the Land of Summer Time.

WHY ROBIN HAS A RED BREAST

Georgia stood by the window one sunny summer day watching the birds and the flowers. All at once she called, "Oh, mamma, come and see the birdie wiv a bib on!"

Many, many years ago,
On a sunny summer's day,
Mrs. Robin called her birdies
And placed them in a row
On the leafy branch
Of an old oak tree.

"Now, my children dear," said she,
"I am going far away;
Far away to find some dainties,
For you're hungry, dears, I know."
And she flew from the branch
Of the old oak tree.

Now the birdies, one and all,
Preened their feathers, smoothed their bills,
While the oldest sister birdie
Tied their bibs on with a bow
As they sat on the branch
Of the old oak tree.

"Do you think she'll soon be here?
She's so far beyond the hills,"
Said the baby brother birdie.
"I'm so hungry—oh—oh—oh!"—
And he fell down from the branch
Of the old oak tree.

Now the birdies, one and all,
Thought of mother o'er the hills,
Flying far to find the dainties
For the birds all in a row,
As she left them on the branch
Of the old oak tree.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

Then they left the leafy bower,
And with wing, and bill, and claw,
Brought again the brother birdie
To his place up in the row,
On the leafy branch,
Of the old oak tree.

"O," said sister, as she soothed him,
"He has berries on his bib!"
And the baby brother birdie
Felt the big tears dropping slow,
As he sat on the branch
Of the old oak tree.

As they fell upon the stains,
Of the berries ripe and red,
On the breast of baby birdie,
All the feathers red, were painted,
As he wept on the branch
Of the old oak tree.

"O, my bib is spoiled entirely,
And my feathers all stained red!"
Cried the little brother birdie.
"Oh, my heart is full of woe!
For I fell from the branch
Of the old oak tree!"

"Do not cry, you birdie dear,
Or your eyes will be all red;
Don't you know that little birdies
Should be brave, not full of woe?
You're safe now, on the branch
Of the old oak tree.

"Mother Robin, when she comes,
On this sunny summer day,
Wants to find us happy birdies
Full of joy, not full of woe,
On this shaded leafy branch
Of this old oak tree."

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

Then the eldest sister flew,
On this summer's sunny day,
Brought a berry to each birdie,
As they sat all in a row,
On the shaded leafy branch
Of the old oak tree!

"Rub the berries on your bibs,
Brothers, sisters, dear," she said,
"And we'll be like baby birdie,
With our bibs tied in a bow,
As we wait on the branch
Of this old oak tree."

Then the big tears, dropping slow,
On each bib so stained with red.
Stained the breasts of all the birdies,
And their hearts were filled with woe,
As they sat on the branch
Of the old oak tree.

"Dry your tears, my birdies dear,
Now we all have bibs of red,
Just like little brother birdie,
All alike, you know."
And they sang on the branch
Of the old oak tree.

Mother Robin came just then,
With a dainty for each bird,
And they told her of the baby,
And his heart so full of woe,
When he fell from the branch
Of the old oak tree.

"Children, dear," said Mother Robin,
"On each breast so stained with red,
Rests a pledge for all the birdies,
Who would turn to joy life's woe,
As we sing on the branch
Of the old oak tree."

WHERE?

Where is now the merry party
That set out in boats to sail
'Mid the morning's glorious sunshine
And the gentle, rippling gale?
Up the winding, shallow river,
On that bright, sweet summer's day,
Each with heart and life of gladness,
All with happy cheer and gay.

When the evening shadows found us
Drifting slowly, gently down,
The stars came out, to light the way
To the old, and pleasant college town.

One, and only one, remaineth,
Where on those banks we loved to stray.
Some have gone to the long, long home,
Others far in distant lands today.
The same sunlight shines upon us all,
Wherever we may roam,
But the heart is sad, to know so many
Have wandered far away from home.

FRIENDSHIP LAND AND OTHER POEMS

DOLLY'S LULLABY

O, Dolly, my dear,
Hush-a-by, Dolly dear,
I wouldn't leave you all alone,
For I know, Dolly dear,
It makes me feel queer
When my own dearest mother is gone,
Dolly dear.

So close your blue eyes,
Dolly dear, don't you cry.
I'll cover you up nice and warm.
Dolly dear, hush-a-by,
Lullaby, lullaby,
Pretty angels will keep you from harm.
Lullaby.

JINGLES

Rub-a-dub-dub!
Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!
O, what if my drum were a tub,
And the three little men the song tells about
Were in it and couldn't get out!

Cock-a-doodledoo-oo-oo!
Cock-a-doodledoo-oo-oo! Cock-a-doodledoo-
oo-oo!
Go find your dame her shoe-oo-oo.
Don't spend all your time
Just making a noise,
Find something useful to do-oo-oo!

WE LAID HER AWAY

We laid her away in the bleak month of March,
When the tears almost froze as they fell;
We laid her to rest, to meet her again—
When, how, and where, who can tell?
We know our darling is resting 'neath the daisies
Where the storms of life can never come;
She is safely gathered to Mother Dust,
Leaving grief and darkness in our home.
All night long, when the tired eyes refuse to close,
We can fancy that we hear her calling,
Till the anguish is too deep to bear,
And the rain is falling, falling.

Falling on the little, new-made grave,
Where our darling's rest shall never cease;
Where, purer than the flowers above her,
She sleeps in everlasting peace.
Oh, but to clasp her childish form again!
To call her back to earth
On this rainy May day morning
Is all that life is worth.
And the rain is falling, falling.

THE SUMMER STORM

Drip, drip, drip, the silver raindrops fly
Through the sultry summer air.
Zip! the lightning tears the sky,
And the sun hides from the flare.

The thunder mutters, and growls, and crashes,
And dies in a sob and a wail;
All the world seems in mourning, the whole earth
heartbroken,
And the darkness enshrouds like a veil.

Patter, patter, fiercer and faster,
The glittering haildrops rent;
They strike the windows, and strike the roof,
On grief and destruction bent.

Cruel and sharp, they beat flower and field,
And leave them bruised and crushed;
The sun makes its way through the cloud-laden
sky
To see where the storm has rushed.

As its rays pierce the gloom and search over
space,
A rainbow climbs up in the east;
'Tis the promise of Life, though Death flaunts
in his face,
The havoc his vassals released.

DREAMS

We dream of a time that will bring us gold;
Of a time when fame shall be ours;
The gold always remains in the tints of the clouds,
Fame is illusive as Peri flowers.

The wind comes hot in the summer time,
And the hush of the sky is o'er us;
The dreams of youth are the beautiful songs,
The dreams of age the chorus.

Oh, golden, glad, glad summer time!
Oh, sweet winds o'er me blowing!
Bring back those dreams of a happier day
With the fragrance of June bestowing.

In the beautiful chamber of silence
Come dreams that will never prove true;
In the land of dreams where we journey,
I walk alone—so do you.

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